

Chapter 1: Say My Name

A/N: This is just a little Anidala smut I wrote for fun, set at the beginning of ROTS where she has just informed him of her pregnancy. Anakin and Padme share a private moment in the outer courtyard of the Senate...Please read and review:)

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"We're not going to worry about anything right now." He smiled, cradling her in his arms. "This is a happy moment. The happiest moment of my life."

As Palpatine and his bureaucrats headed into the Senate building and the ceaseless, noisy traffic of Coruscant could be heard in the distance, a young Jedi Knight and his clandestine lover were enjoying a moment of privacy. He held her tight in his arms, breathing in her sweet scent. As usual, her long hair was sculpted into an elaborate hairstyle: this time in two sleek knots either side of her head. Anakin gently moved one of his hands up to stroke her neck and thanked his lucky stars that she wore her hair like that and he could touch her soft, sweet neck. "You're right, we won't worry right now.", she smiled as he held her. "I've missed you so, my love; in so many ways."

His arms pushed aside her cloak and went round her body. "Not as much as I've missed you", he suddenly growled into her ear, the tone of his voice becoming more guttural. "What was I supposed to do when we were in the Outer Rim Sieges, without my beautiful wife and with only my right hand for company?". He grinned devilishly.

Padme pretended to be shocked, and giggled as he pressed her against him "Oh Anakin Skywalker, you are bad." Oh Force, I can feel myself getting hard already, imagining pounding into her wetness as she rides me.

"I'll be bad if you want me to be, my love." She could feel his hardness growing as he pressed her back into the pillar.

Padme felt a moan illicit itself from her lips, but forced some self control. "Anakin, not here!" she hissed. "Anyone could see us!"

"See what, Padme?" he whispered into her ear. "Me holding you up against this pillar, your legs wrapped tight round me, fucking you oh-so-slowly until you beg for mercy and scream my name?" I want her to say my name so much right now. I want to take her right now, against this pillar. No, got to get a grip, Anakin, there's time for this later.

"No", she said firmly, but with a regretful sigh; for she was beginning to tremble with need.

"Ah well then" he said cheerfully, "We'll have to try something different", and before she could protest, his hand pulled up her skirts and began to move up her thigh. Wrapping her cloak tighter around them, he trailed his fingers gently up her inner thighs, then back down again. Finally, he reached his destination and she tried to utter a word in protest, but found no sound came out. He was pleased to discover that she was wearing no panties, and laughed softly under his breath as his fingers explored her wetness. "Why, Mrs Skywalker, aren't you bad? A Senator with no panties? I should report you to Chancellor Palpatine." Padme looked at him

with imploring eyes, and his fingers began to move in and out of her as his thumb rubbed her clit slowly, tantalising her. My husband. He always deliciously teases me, knowing exactly what he's doing. She'd missed those deft, practised fingers - they were good for things other than wielding a lightsaber. Anakin continued his exquisite torture of her, planting kisses along her neck and shoulders as he did so.

Padme moaned softly, hiding her face against his tunic. "You are cruel, my husband" she gasped.

His eyes were clouding over with desire as he continued to move his fingers over her honeyed centre. "Force, you're so wet. How I'd love to taste you right now, my wife. But as circumstances are, you'll have to make do with my touch. Perhaps I am cruel?"

"Yes" she sighed, attempting to buck her hips against his hand as he touched her too slowly.

"Say my name, Padme" he said, roughly grabbing her ass with his other hand. Padme arched an eyebrow and grinned mischievously, and as flushed and aroused as she was, said nothing. Why should she give her husband what he wanted if he would not give her what she wanted? As if reading her mind, he muttered into her ear "Say my name and I'll give you what you want."

"Anakin" she whispered at first, then louder, "Anakin!", a fire in her eyes. He pressed his finger to her lips.

"Hush, my love, not that loud. But now..." He began to quicken his pace, an extra finger now stroking her clit faster, and faster, and faster as his fingers thrust in and out of her. She could feel her orgasm building up inside her. The muscles in her neck were tensing as she arched herself against the pillar, hidden from view by her husband's back.

"Anakin, Anakin, ...". Padme was drawing closer and closer to her release. He smiled to himself as she repeated his name and writhed under his touch. She reached up and tugged at his hair, and he roughly pressed his lips against hers, tasting her sweet mouth while continuing with his task. He felt her clench around his fingers and she moaned into his mouth, shaking with the feeling of her climax as he held her tight.

"Enjoyed that, did you?" he laughed as he withdrew his hand, strongly feeling his erection still pressing against his pants.

"Thank you" she breathed softly, and kissed him gently on the lips with a sweetness that took his breath away. As if suddenly becoming aware of their surroundings, she blushed. "Oh, but anyone could have seen us!"

Glancing around in a cursory manner, he found the courtyard was deserted. "No. And anyway, they would have only seen my back. People don't pay that much attention." She agreed with a nod. Anakin glanced over her hungrily, his eyes taking in her tiny, lithe frame: her sculpted, bountiful breasts, that tight, perfect ass. She was so amazing, this woman and he'd missed her more than he could ever put into words. "You are dangerously sexy, Padme. Pregnant or not, I think I'm going to have to take you home right now and screw you senseless."

"But won't the Chancellor and the others miss you?" she replied with a quizzical look.

"I'll tell them I had urgent Jedi business", he winked, taking her hand and placing it on his pants

so she could feel the extent of his hardness. "I think this counts as urgent, don't you?". Padme laughed and the two of them quickly headed to a city transport, casting longing looks at each other as they could not display their love for one another in public. The things I'm going to do to her, he thought, closing his eyes as the transport headed away.

Hope you liked it! Please leave reviews, but don't flame me, this is my first Anidala smut and I've tried my best. If I get some nice reviews, you'll get to find out what happens when they get back to the apartment...hehe! ;)

Chapter 2: Jedi Business

When our favourite couple reach their building, Anakin's plan is to seduce his wife in the elevator, but she has other ideas...

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The doors of the elevator sprang shut as a very eager Jedi Knight pulled his Senator into it by the hand. Anakin immediately wrapped his arms around Padme, drawing her in for a passionate kiss. His hands roamed over her body, coming to rest on her ass. Her lips taste so fucking sweet. He could never get enough of her kisses. As their tongues mingled, he broke away suddenly, breathing heavily. "I've wanted to do this for the past forty-five minutes. It's torture, my love, having to be near you and not being able to touch you."

"I know, I could barely-" she began to say, but was cut off as he once again placed his mouth on hers in a kiss that made her go weak at the knees.

"I couldn't even look at you for fear I'd take you in my arms and kiss you. I want you so much, Padme.", he said, giving her ass a playful squeeze. Then, raising his hand, he began to casually pop the buttons off her bodice with the power of the Force, lazily grinning to himself.

Padme attempted a stern look. "What on earth would Obi-Wan think if he knew you were using the Force to remove a Senator's bodice? Don't think you're going to impress me with those Jedi skills, Anakin Sk-". But all thoughts of decency went out the window as her bodice came open, and her husband bent his head to her breasts, flicking his tongue over her nipples; which he noticed were already swollen. He began to nibble at her right breast, his eyes wild with desire. Padme cried out in pleasure as the elevator rushed past the floors, gripping the handrail as she feared her legs would be unable to support her. With her free hand she began to slowly stroke her fingers over the obvious arousal she could feel through his pants, causing a gasp from Anakin. I want him now. I have to feel him inside me. Why does he get me so worked up in such inappropriate places? Is it because he thinks I won't have the strength to say no to what he's about to suggest? Although she could not deny that sex with Anakin was never dull. They'd done it in so many places and in so many ways it instantly made her wet to think of it.

Lifting his head, Anakin murmured huskily 'Remember that time we did it in the elevator at the Senate?'. Padme blushed at the memory of him holding her up against the handrail, her skirts

up above her thighs as her hips rose and fell over his hard cock. She had never felt so sexy, so wanton in her life. Unable to suppress a grin, she recalled after leaving the elevator on a different floor to her husband so as not to arouse suspicion, Senator Bail Organa asking "Are you ill my lady? You look very flushed." But here? In the official residence elevator?

She bit her lip, frowning, and sensing her apprehension, he added "I'll cover the cameras, of course."

He reached over to push the emergency stop button, but she was too quick for him. With a nimble move, she stood in front of him, and at that very moment, the elevator arrived on their floor. The doors pinged open and Padme stalked out of the elevator, wrapping her cloak about her to hide her open bodice. Anakin followed her, spluttering "That's not fair! How is that fair?". Smirking, she turned back to him.

"I'm not in the mood for elevator play today, my husband.", she laughed, one of her little hands moving up to stroke his face. He glared at her, but she planted a tender kiss on his lips that instantly made him melt. However, he snapped out of his reverie and seizing her wrist, walked her down the hall to their apartment. Typing the unlock code into the keypad with the other hand, he pulled her inside, waved the door shut and muttered "You're going to pay for that, you little minx."

Padme sighed in anticipation as Anakin ripped her velvet cloak from her shoulders and gazed longingly at his wife, bare-breasted, her unbuttoned bodice now down around her waist, her long skirts still guarding the treasure he wanted so badly. "Undress for me, Padme" he commanded.

With a coy look, she obliged, with a shiver as she thought of what might be in store for her. Oh, but he's so sexy when he's angry. But he'd better put that smart mouth of his to a better use than telling me what to do. Throwing the bodice to the floor, she trailed a hand over her breasts and down her stomach, already slightly rounded by her pregnancy. She deliberately took her time undoing the side zip of the deep red velvet skirt, enjoying her husband's reaction as she slid it down her slim hips, letting it pool at her feet.

Anakin let out a groan at how gorgeous his wife looked naked. Every time he saw her unclothed, even after all these years, he could hardly believe that she was his. He could feel his hard-on still painfully pressing against his waistband, but only dimly registered this, knowing he still had to punish her for leaving him high and dry in the elevator. Force, she's so beautiful. I love her so much. But I'm not giving her what she wants just yet. I'm gonna tease her till she begs for me to slide my hard cock into her. His lip curled as he thought this, and Padme looked at him in a shy, innocent yet wanton way that made him swallow hard. Crossing to where she stood, he began unfastening the sleek knots, letting her long hair stream down her back. Brushing it from her neck, Anakin turned his attention to kissing and nibbling her neck, moving to her collarbone, then down, and down as she made sounds of anticipation. Stopping for a moment, he tenderly kissed the soft swell of her belly.

"That's our baby in there, Ani", she smiled, opening her eyes. He looked adoring for a moment and murmured 'Yes', his eyes shining. But all of a sudden he snapped out of his reverie and raised an eyebrow wickedly.

"Don't think you're going to distract me from my task, Padme Neberrie Skywalker.", he said sternly. "You know I love this baby already, but right now I'm turning my attentions lower." With that, Anakin picked up his little wife and carried her across the room, setting her down on the

kitchen counter. Padme grinned to herself, sensing what he had in mind. He's going to tease me alright, but in the most wonderful way possible. Bring it on. Her husband could do things with that tongue of his that she never even thought possible. She recalled the first time he'd performed this wonderful act on her, outside on the balcony on their wedding night, rose petals all over her nude body. Even as a young virgin, he seemed to have a natural talent for it. Perhaps that set the tone for all our marital sexcapades in strange places, she thought, amused. "You're a bad, naughty Senator that needs to be punished" he whispered throatily, exploring her hot, wet mouth with his tongue as he kissed her. Padme moaned and he felt her thighs loosen, spreading wider for him.

"Punish me", she said simply. Bending down, he lifted one of her ankles and kissed it, trailing kisses up the inside of her leg, stopping just short of her sweet spot before moving his mouth back down again, slowly. By the time he had repeated this process with the other leg, Padme's face was flushed and her eyes were pools of fire. Enjoying watching this, he did the same three more times. Just as she thought he was never going to, Anakin buried his head between her thighs and licked upwards on her clit, just once.

She bit her lip to stop from crying out, and tried to buck her hips towards him, but he held her fast and asked "Want me to continue, my love?". Padme could only nod, not trusting herself to be able to speak. He once more bent his head towards her centre and slowly traced circles around her nub with his tongue, building up a fire inside of her as he slowed down and speeded up alternately, being careful to slow his strokes whenever he sensed she was too excited. After several minutes of this delicious torture, she was moaning in pleasure as he worshipped her with his tongue, but never quite let her reach her climax.

"Anakin, please. Please".

Even Anakin himself was faint with need by this point and was unconsciously grinding his hardness against the counter as he continued to taste his wife's sweet juices. Feeling he had had sufficient revenge now he had made her beg, he straightened up and faced his wife. "So, shall we end this now?".

"Uh-huh", was all Padme could say. Quickly, her strong, small fingers unbuckled his belt and pulled his tunic over his head. Anakin took off his leather pants and kicked them aside, along with his boots. Now he was as naked as her and a bead of arousal glistened on the tip of his cock. Lifting her hips, he slid her on to him. He immediately groaned at how good it felt to be inside her wetness. It had been so long. She sighed as his hard length filled her, and he began to thrust into her gently, panting as she rose her hips to meet his thrusts. She ran her hands over his back, feeling his strong muscles over his hands, trembling as the hilt of his cock rubbed her clit each time he buried it within her.

Padme knew it would not be long before he was there, and leaned back, wrapping her ankles tightly about him, allowing him to go deeper. She whimpered each time he hit her sweet spot, feeling herself draw closer and closer to the release she so longed for. He placed his hands on her ass, pumping harder into her as she dug her nails into his back. His breathing grew heavier and heavier, but suddenly Padme slowed her movements. His eyes widened, confused. He's putty in my hands. But he knows how much I love him to say it when we're fucking.

"Two can play at this game, Anakin.", she whispered, as close as she was herself. "Say you're

mine.", she said

"Oh Force, I'm yours, Padme, I'm all yours" he groaned, feeling relief as she began to ride him again. "I'm yours for ever.", he said between thrusts, running his hands through her hair. "I could fuck you all day long, my cock inside your tight, wet pussy, your legs wrapped around me.

"I love you", she said, moaning as he fucked her harder and faster, tightening her arms and legs about him as they moved together. Anakin could feel her breathing grow shallower, but forced himself to slow down a little if she needed more time.

He knew he couldn't hold back much longer as her hips rose and fell over him, and their eyes locked. "Are you close?" he whispered.

"Mm-hm" she could only gasp, and as his cock stroked her center once more, she cried out his name. "Anakin!". He felt her tremble and clutch around him as her climax hit her and she called out his name again and again, burying her face in his shoulder as her climax hit her in waves upon waves of pleasure. It was enough to tip him over the edge, and he moaned into her ear, his eyes blurring as he gave a few final thrusts and spilled himself inside her. It was a moment or two before either of them could speak, and Anakin looked into his wife's eyes to find a tear trickling down her cheek. He brushed it away softly and kissed her swollen lips. "That was...beautiful" she whispered to him.

He held her close to him as he whispered "I love you too. I would have said it back then, but I was too far gone. I mean, that was the first time I got some in over three months." Padme laughed, and tried to climb off the counter, but found her legs still felt like jelly. He helped her down. "You have no idea what you do to me. " They headed towards the bedroom and collapsed on the bed together, sweaty and exhausted; their hair all over the place. Anakin drew the covers over them and lovingly spooned his wife, his strong arms and legs curled about her body with a hand protectively placed over her pregnant stomach.

"I hope we'll still have time for this when the baby arrives" she said.

"Somehow I think we'll always make time for this" he replied, stroking her belly. "Say, what do you think about doing it in the Jedi temple? You facing me on a seat in the council chambers as I screw you."

"Anakin!" she turned towards him, "Is that all you ever think ab-", but then he creased up in laughter.

"Ah, aren't you gullible, my darling wife?". She shot him a filthy look, but settled herself back into his arms comfortably as they drifted into sleep.

Please review - let me know what you think, but no flaming. :) x